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VOLUME XLVIII

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1902.

NUMBER 17

DID YOU?

You never had your house and goods all insured. Neither did your father, grandfather or great-grandfather. Your house never burned up. You never had a fire. If you did you are the exception. And you had a chance to "try it again." And yet you always insure your house and goods, and you act wisely.

DON'T YOU?

You have to die. Your father, grandfather and all your ancestors have died or are going to die sure, and you, will. And yet you put off taking out a policy on your life, when death is sure. Don't put it off any longer.

WON'T YOU?

Make as much provision for your family against your death, as you do for yourself against loss of property in your lifetime. The Union Central Ten and Twenty Endowment Policies are the investments most reliable to you if you live the term, and sure providers for your family in case of death. They are a policy of life.

C. D. CAMPBELL.

General Agent, Union Central.

KEELER & DOWELL

SUCCESSORS TO AMMERSON, KEELER & CO.

Dealer in

Grain Seeds

Wool, Salt,

CEMENTS,

CALCINED PLASTER

and all the best grades of

SOFT and HARD

Coal.

Warehouse and Office.

West Columbus Ave., Bellefontaine, Ohio, August 15, 1899.

your scalp sick? Does your hair fall out? Are you troubled with Dandruff? Is your hair gray or faded? If so, don't wait but buy a bottle of Milroy's Hair Renewer and Dandruff Cure. Cure guaranteed.

It makes your hair grow. It is infallible, it has never failed to cure.

Sold by Druggists.

Your Druggist Cannot Supply You

Send \$1.00 or 50c. to

John K. Milroy,

Sole Mfr., Cor. Court and Main Sts.

Bellefontaine, O.

Sold by Frank Butler, Bellefontaine, Feather Bed, West Liberty, Dr. Stokes, Easterville, Pa.

December 12, 1899-73.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work. Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or uneasy heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is overworking in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries. It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and is made up of fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Some of Swamp-Root is sold in bottles of one dollar and one dollar and a half. It is sold everywhere, and is guaranteed to cure, or you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

THE PRINCE OF

Christmas Presents

Is still the gold watch. We are showing beautiful selections of

SOLID GOLD

AND

High Grade Filled Cases

In all sizes. Every one the special product of the manufacturer for

The Holiday Season 1901-2.

Our Filled Cases are as beautiful as solid gold and are guaranteed to wear. Any movement you like

C. A. MILLER,

200 South Main St. Bellefontaine, Ohio. Main and Union Sts. Nov. 15, 1901.

AM NOW AT THE OAK

AND HAVE A FIRST-CLASS

Restaurant

Curtis Old Stand.

Tom J. Hellings.

at C. 12, 1900.

Don't Borrow Money.

Don't ever borrow money unless the case is imperative and you can see your way out, or you are certain you can make by borrowing.

If you want to borrow money, the Union Central Loan is the cheapest and most satisfactory. Write or call on

C. D. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Agt.,

BELLEFONTAINE, O. Feb. 8, 1901-12.

School Examiners' Meetings.

The Logan County Board of School Examiners will hold meetings for the examination of the teachers on the first Saturday of each month except January and July, in Educational Hall, Bellefontaine, O. morning sessions 9 to 12, afternoon 1 to 4.

Questions to be asked in part on Scott's "Organic Education" and Ohio School Laws. Questions in History on Sparks' "Expansion of the American People" and those in Geography on Howes' "The Study of the Earth" and those in Reading on Bates' "The Study of Literature and King Lear." Recitation examinations will be held on the third Saturday of March and April.

S. L. SMITH, Clerk.

October 18, 1901.

For Sale

163 Acres Fine Farm and Stock Land

3 miles from DeGraff, Ohio. 15 acres timber, 48 acres bottom and pasture land, frame house, 2 frame barns, 2 silos, cow barn, and other outbuildings, farm in high state of cultivation and extra good fences. A bargain if sold at once. Inquire of

LINK T. SNODGRASS, Real Estate.

Sidney, Ohio. January 17, 1902-41.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

EDITED BY MRS. CAMPBELL.

Models for Foulard Gowns.

A good purchase, and one that can be made without fear at this season, is a foulard gown, which is one of the most useful gowns any woman has. Not only can you find the newest and prettiest foulards now, but many of the smartest and most exclusive patterns cannot be had as all.

Women have found the tight-fitting upper skirts so becoming, and are so loath to give up the graceful lines of the long, clinging skirts, that, for a gown to be worn where one is not obliged to walk far, this will be, we think, a very safe model, and the simplest and most successful exposition of it is in the light-fitting, pin-tucked top, with a shaped flounce attached in the line of the innumerable pretty ways, the line of the flounce to be much lower from the waist than the usual grace and light.

One pretty and simple model made in light green satin, foulard, with a small black and white figure, was pin-tucked by hand—the entire top lengthwise—the tucks, not more than an eighth of an inch, finished. To this was joined a shaped flounce, higher behind than in front, pin-tucked around. This flounce was joined to the upper part by an insertion of ecru Cluny lace. The bodice was also tucked, and went plainly into the belt behind. In front it was left loose over a plaited front of yellow net, appliqued with yellow Cluny lace and small white roses in a yellow and pink. The edge of the little jacket in front was appliqued with panne in the exact shade of green of the silk, stitched on. Sleeves rather tight at the top of the foulard, broadening very much below the elbow, where they open on the outside to show a similar undersleeve of net like the front. Cuffs of the green panne stitched on.

Another was in wood brown, also satin foulard, made with a skirt of solid and small black, stitched to below the knees in front and graduated towards the back until within fifteen inches of the belt, simply hemmed in a broad band at the bottom. This gown was of Irish lace collar, round and broad, over the shoulders. The bodice went into the belt behind, but in front was rounded up like a bolero over an accordion-plated chemise. The edges of the bolero had a passementerie and the lace applique, with little brown tassels at intervals. The skirt was of a wide and flat. The under brim with wheel facings of silver hair braid edged with pale blue twist hair-lined cord, very full black satin collar, and the crown of the hat was covered with light green frosted leaves, and it had soft rosettes of blue lousine ribbon, one low on right side, another and larger one high on the left, with a twist coming from it under the leaves and lying behind to fall upon the hair.

A plain gray foulard, with a box-plaited skirt, was decorated with a wide band of satin finished with a wide band of pink, pale green and a dull blue. The unlined collar matched the cuffs and there was a Charles II collar of lace embroidered with the same way. The hat to go with this was made of white crin in many layers, having the appearance of tucks, very flat and rather large, trimmed with a rounce of fine black Chantilly falling below the collar, and one exquisite pink rose with leaves, high on the left. The gown was made over white taffeta underskirts.

All the simpler foulards lend themselves exceedingly well to the making of short gowns, for informal occasions, shopping, coming in town on trains, etc. They are strong, light, shed the dust and do not show dirt easily, and now that women have at last seen that the carrying about of yards of stuff is both ungraceful and fatiguing, and have consented to wear short gowns which are so much more sensible, there are lovely models being created and among the prettiest are the plaited and striped, with a box-plaited skirt, with a plain long yoke, with a side-plaited graduated flounce. All of these are well suited to foulards.

A goodly number of a runabout gown is made of dark blue foulard, that clear, becoming, serviceable dark blue, with irregular white dots and scrolls, made with a skirt graduated to the waist, beginning at the top below a yoke of guipure lace and widening out to two inches where they are left loose to form the flounce, twelve inches from the bottom front and back, and much higher. The bodice is a simple shirt made to blouse a little in front. The lower part of the skirt has a shaped piece of guipure lace to match the yoke, and the skirt is finished without a belt so that the lace joins, which is very becoming. The skirt has a yoke let in a joint of guipure lace, which also the collar and cuffs to the shirt sleeves, which are very full at the wrist. Many of the new sleeves are full below the elbow.

THE COURTSHIP OF VANDYKE K. BROWN.

London society experienced a remarkable thrill when Vandyke K. Brown, the young American multimillionaire, announced his intention of crossing the "berring pond" in search of an English bride. Aristocratic matrons trotted out their marriageable daughters as bait for this Croesus and spent fortunes at the milliner's. Of course the wise knew all along that he would choose his bride from English society or, if not, he might find a suitable mate among the fair galaxy of ladies on the west end stage. One of other was inevitable.

But Vandyke K. Brown did not carry out any of the maneuvers already planned for him. One day he calmly slipped off his mustache and heard and, as by magic, the commonplace appellation of Richard Seymour, set out alone for England. Society on both sides of the Atlantic was disgusted at this being given the slip and for the nonce felt completely baffled.

It was a bright June morning, and Richard Seymour, as he should now be called, was seated in a first class railway carriage at London Bridge station waiting for the train to carry him down to the quiet little watering place of Westbrook, where he contemplated spending a couple of months in seclusion and enjoying himself. So far he had eluded capture by society and the laudable efforts to thrust him into a fashionable marriage.

He was the only occupant of the carriage, but as the train was on the move the door was thrown open, and a man in a large brimmed felt hat jumped in. Seymour looked up as a porter banged the door with a crash as only porters can and then continued the study of his morning paper.

Before he reached Westbrook he found himself in a dilemma. Firstly, a paragraph in the paper proved that he would have some difficulty in maintaining his incognito after all, for it announced his intended visit to Westbrook. Now, this on the face of it was strange, because he had revealed his secret to no one. Secondly, a careful examination of his fellow traveler's face caused him to start, for the man before him bore a striking likeness to himself prior to his having undergone the shaving operation. He therefore began to wonder whether the paragraph in the paper referred to himself or to the other man, who so nearly resembled him.

But on reaching Westbrook his doubts were at once set at rest. Stepping on to the platform, he was astonished to see the town band drawn up in a line prepared to welcome him. Seymour was to start, for the man before him bore a striking likeness to himself prior to his having undergone the shaving operation. He therefore began to wonder whether the paragraph in the paper referred to himself or to the other man, who so nearly resembled him.

All this Seymour took in at a glance and then hesitated as to whether he should make a bolt for it. But there was no need. The mayor came forward and, passing him without so much as a look, went straight up to Seymour's fellow traveler, who was now struggling with a weighty portmanteau, and held out his hand.

"Welcome, Mr. Vandyke Brown," he said affably.

The other looked up, surprised, and then grasped the outstretched hand with decision.

"Good morning, Mr. —. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"Oh, my name's Martin. I happen to be the mayor of Westbrook."

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. I expect my visit to this town will be a very pleasant one. But I never anticipated such a reception. I must confess that I was in hope I should not be recognized."

"Just then the case I must ask your pardon for our intrusion. But we thought we should like to show our appreciation of your choosing Westbrook for a holiday," responded the urbane magistrate meekly.

Just then the maid struck up "See, the Conqueror Here Comes." Seymour thought there was a distinct humor in the selection of the tune—and the twain moved off. Some outrageous mistake had been made accidentally or on purpose; but by whom?

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and fell on the wavelets as they watched the red sun sink into the sea. "I think we understand each other well enough to speak without restraint. don't you?" he remarked casually as he drew in the cars.

"I suppose so," said Madge Wilnot slowly, lowering her head, for she felt the color creep to her cheek, although his back was toward her.

In that case would it surprise you very much if I told you that I am your—adore you?" His earnestness caused him to halt half in his seat.

"No—that is, yes, it might," he laughed. "Well, Madge, it's true anyway. I'm afraid I'm a silly fellow at making love, because I've had no experience in such matters. I can only ask you to believe me when I say that I love you with my whole heart and soul."

He threw his legs over the seat and faced her. She vouchsafed no reply, but in turn will make one to you," she said. "I believe you," she said at length, but there was sadness in her tone.

"Why, Madge, you're crying!" She brushed aside a few stray tears and bravely looked him in the face.

"You have made a confession to me, and I in turn will make one to you," she said. "I loved you the first time I saw you."

"But listen. Father and mother liked you, until you told them that you were traveling for a firm of jam-makers. Dick, can't you change your calling, because—because I ask it?"

For the first time that day Seymour felt nipped. Haphazard he had styled himself a commercial traveler in order to make his incognito the more complete, and the result was unexpected. At first he was half inclined to tell her everything, but before he came to a decision she continued:

"It is difficult, I know. Perhaps I ought not to have asked it. Tell me, Dick, I don't know how to tell you everything."

He started and looked into her face. "You are hiding something," he said. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Yes, I am. That wretched man! Oh, that wretched man! He sobbed. "What—the man they are making all this fuss over in Westbrook? I came down in the same carriage with him. What has he done to you?"

"Nothing; only he's been making love to me, that's all."

"He turned his head away and with an effort restrained himself from bursting into laughing. But the gravity of the situation soon stifled his mirth.

"How curious! I thought when you came in that I had seen your face somewhere, but for the life of me I couldn't remember when or where. I have a fearfully bad memory, you know."

"Is that so? I was under the impression that you had a very good one, as you remembered me when we met in New York, although we had not seen each other for seven years."

The autographs, unable to give vent to the anger that consumed them, looked daggers at each other across the table without speaking. But he who had assumed the role of millionaire for some purpose as yet unknown to anybody but himself was well aware that Seymour was playing with him as a cat might with a mouse. Every one else, mystified at the strange turn the conversation had taken, suffered it to continue without interfering.

"And now that I have met you again, old boy, I'm going to book you for that \$100 of mine borrowed of me, sir, before I left, ha, ha," said Seymour, laughing.

"Didn't I send you a check? Really my memory is becoming terrible. You shall have it this moment." To hide his confusion he pulled a checkbook from his pocket, together with a fountain pen, and, opening the former, laid it flat on the table.

Then just as the strange individual threw a filled in check across the table and was slipping his wife a hurried look at the clock on the wall, the door opened and a domestic with a scared look burst into the room, followed by three police inspectors. The "millionaire" was on his feet in an instant to face the intruders, and his hand went to the clock on the wall.

"What's the meaning of this extraordinary conduct? What do you want?" demanded Wilnot, who had risen and stood staring from one person to another. Meanwhile Mrs. Wilnot was looking on with a fascinated expression.

"I'm sorry to intrude, sir," said the foremost representative of the law, who displayed a paper suggestively in his hand, "and I will explain everything in a moment. Rogers and Harris, arrest that man in the king's name," he added, pointing to the second of those who posed as Vandyke K. Brown.

adjourned to the drawing room, whither he found the pseudo Vandyke K. Brown and the mayor had already preceded him. Formal introductions followed, but Seymour played his game carefully, and it was the latter who was half over that he had much to say to the guest of the evening.

The dessert had been placed on the table, and the servants had withdrawn. From time to time Mrs. Wilnot had given hints about her desire to see her daughter well married, and at the present moment a discussion was taking place between her and the impostor as to the girl's curious ideas concerning the matrimonial market.

"I think you'll admit, Mr. Vandyke Brown," said the lady, with a touch of hauteur, "that Madge is good looking and ought to make a brilliant match. We want her to have some soul above—jam!"

"Yes, yes, but may I ask to what you refer?"

"Oh, only a former love affair of hers, that's all. It's past and done with now."

"I'm glad of that. There may be some hope for me, then," he remarked bravely.

Seymour felt Mrs. Wilnot's eyes upon him, and looking across the table at Madge, he noticed that her cheeks were on fire. His blood began to boil.

"It's very strange that you should have forgotten me so soon, Mr. Vandyke Brown," he said pleasantly.

The person spoken to looked up quickly and began to fidget with the stem of his wineglass. Mrs. Wilnot likewise pricked up her ears. As it happened, the mere fact that the dejected commercial should boast acquaintance with such a magnate as the millionaire raised him a hundredfold in her esteem.

"I soon forget faces because I see so many in the course of the year. Might I ask where I had the pleasure of meeting you?" asked the great man with condescension when he had recovered his equanimity.

"We had three weeks' boating together just before you left New York," Mrs. Wilnot's opinion of Seymour was going up by leaps and bounds. The impostor's spirits were on the contrary, sinking to zero. He stared hard at the interlocutor and doubtless saw his doom pronounced in his eyes, for he paled visibly. However, he managed to fight back the despair.

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"Because he asked me to marry him and go back to America with him immediately. But you'll meet him yourself on Thursday evening when you come to dinner with us. Don't be rude to him, whatever you do, or it'll make our case more hopeless than ever."

"I wonder," he asked me to meet a millionaire, knowing that I was only a traveler," said Seymour, ignoring his remark.

"It's like this—you were invited to, and so was Vandyke Brown, before you said what you were. So now they couldn't withdraw the invitation without being positively rude. But be careful, Dick, because they're trying to pass us by stealth."

HOW OLIVES ARE CURED.

A Difficult Process, Requiring Time and Constant Care.

"It should be remembered," said the olive man, "that the constitution of an olive is as delicate as that of a tender child. From the time the crop is gathered until it is finally packed in the bottles there is not a moment which is not fraught with the intensest anxiety on the part of all who handle the fruit. No other product requires such constant application of the oil of vigilance."

"The oil begins with the gathering of the fruit. This is done in the late summer or early autumn, while the fruit is still green and hard and altogether unsuited for eating. A course of treatment that in one instance would prove successful might be absolutely ruinous in another. The business of curing therefore calls for expert talent and is always entrusted to a professional who brings to his task his own skill and knowledge, supplemented by the experience of generations of kindred who were curers in that particular variety before him."

The first step in the process of curing is known as "cooking." When the fruit comes to the curing establishment, it is placed in large vats filled with a mixture of lime and water, in which it undergoes a kind of fermentation. "Cooking" is merely a technical name for this fermentation process.

"When the fermentation has reached a certain stage, a matter requiring anywhere from a few hours to a few days, the curer gives the signal to withdraw the plugs, and the liquid is run off. The olives are then thoroughly washed with fresh water until they are bright and clean and every trace of lime is removed. If you were to taste them now, you would find that they had lost most of their unpleasant bitterness."

"After washing the fruit is put in large vats with brine and the casks exposed, bung open, to the sun. This induces a second fermentation, which takes place more or less rapidly, according to the weather. However, as Spain enjoys a fairly equable climate, a period of from three to four weeks generally suffices. Throughout this second fermentation the olives keep throwing off the brine, so that the casks must be inspected daily and kept filled with new brine of the required strength."

"Finally there comes a time when they no longer throw off any brine. They are then ready for sorting—that is, for separation according to size and quality. All that are perfect—or proper color and free from scratches, spots and other blemishes—are called 'select.' The rest 'culis.' The various sizes are known according to their weight, 3500 meaning olives that count eighty to ninety to the kilo."

"After 'sorting,' the olives are then put back into the casks, the bungs driven in, and the whole is ready for shipment to the American importer."

"Do you begin to pack as soon as they arrive in New York?" was the next leading question.

"No, indeed! The long ocean voyage affects olives as much as it does human beings. They generally succumb to 'sea-sickness' en route—that is, we have them in a state of fermentation on arrival, which requires our constant care until they recover."

"Doesn't this 'sea-sickness,' as you call it, impair the quality in any way?"

"Not at all. It only makes the olive man feel the burden of his responsibilities. In every stage of fermentation there is a critical moment when he must exercise the greatest care and caution. If the olives recover, they are really much improved in quality. If they don't, they are hopelessly ruined. There is no intermediate condition."

Arco Special.

The Amerer and the English.

The late Amerer of Afghanistan was one of the shrewdest and strongest characters of his time. When the amount of the British subsidy was being fixed and it was explained that he must do this and that and the other.

"You remind me," said the Amerer, "of a Persian tale. A certain man took a piece of cloth to a tailor and said, 'Make me a morning dress out of it and an evening dress and, while I think of it, a working coat.' The tailor did his best and brought them all as was told. But they were of the cloth's size. What more could be done with the cloth?"

The Amerer was not a great admirer of the British system of government. On one occasion a very high personage was conferring with him and said in relation to some matter, "That is a very grave question, and I must refer it to her majesty's government."

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